clent enmity, my father consented to go

Mary Gordon looked before her a long

Mary Gordon looked before her a long time without speaking. "They knew," she said, "that he was to preside that night at a meeting of the eldership and commissioners of the Hill Folk. So they brought him as they had made him to

There was a long silence.

"And-this is all?" I asked. For the accusation had been far greater than this.

"As I live and must die, that is all. The other things which they testify that he did that night are but the blackness and foulness of their own hearts."

"I will go seek with him". I said.

"You must not—you shall not?" she cried, "My father is not to be spoken to. He is not himself, He has sworn that he will answer no man, speak to no man, have dealings with no man till the shame

said, "I will reason with him and that most tenderly."
"Nay," she said, taking me eagerly most tender*y."

"Nay," she said, taking me cagerly
by the breast of my coat. "I tell you
he will not listen to a word."

"It is my duty." I answered.

"Wherefore?" she cried, sharply. "You

are not his minister."
"No." said I, "but I am more, I am both
his friend and yours."

"Do you want to reprove him?" she

"For that wherein he has given the

unrighteous cause to speak reproachfully, I will reprove him." I said. "For the

rest. I will aid, support and succor him

in all that one man may do to another. By confession of his fault, such as it has been, he may yet keep the Cause from

ness that my heart became as wax).
Let him come to himself. What are proof
and hard words beside the shame that
comes when such a man as my father
sits face to face with the sins of his
own heart?"

Almost L had given way but the

Almost I had given way, but the thought of the dread excommunication, and the danger which his children must

also incur, compelled me.
"Hear me, Mary," I said, "I must speak
to him. For all our sakes—yours as well,
I must go to Alexander Gordon."

She whyed her hand impatiently.
"Do not go!" she said. "Can you not trust me? I thought you-you loved me!
And if you had loved me, I do not know,

the meeting."

(Copyright, 1897, by S. R. Crockett.)
.SYNOPSIS.
This is the story of Quintin Mac Cleian's life, written by himself, with additions by his brother Hob, Quintin has been ordained a minister of the State Church of Scotland, but he is deeply in sympathy with the Covenanters. He has a dispute with the Presbytery and is expelled from the ministry, but the people of Balmaghie, which is his parish, prevent his being deprived of his church, and he still continues to preach to them. Quintin's love affairs have also had their tragle side. He is a widower, having married Jean Gemmell on her death bed. It was Jean's intense love for Quintin that brought this about and he now realizes that he married the peasant lass to that brought this about and he now realizes that he married the peasant lass to satisfy her dying whim, and not for löve of her. He has always been in love with Mary Gordon, but she has refused his ofter of marriage, although Quintin has every reason to believe that his love is returned. Mary's father is Alexander Gordon, the laird of Earlstown, a noted covenanter. He has, however, been suspended by the Covenanters, and now there is a report that he is to be entirely excommunicated by the Presbytery for drunkenness. When Quintin hears this he goes at once to see his old friend and the father of the woman he loves. the father of the woman he loves.

XXXI.

LOVE OR DUTY.

I passed by the little Clachan of St.
John's Town of Dalry, leaving it stretching away up the braeface on my right and. A little way beyond the kirk I struck into the fringing woods of Earlstoun which like an army of trainbands base the gray tower.

beset the gray tower.

Suddenly something gray glanced through the wavering sunsprays and the green scatter of the shadows. A white summer gown, a dainty hat white-plumed, but beneath the bright feather a bowed head, with tears in the eyes-and lo! Mary Gordon standing alone and in sorrow by the water-pools of the Deuch. I had never learned to do such things.

and even now I cannot tell what it was that came over me. For without a mo-ment's hesitation I kneeled on one knee,

and taking her hand I kissed it with infinite love and respect.

She turned quickly from ng, dashing the tears from her face with her hand.

"Quintin!" she cried—I think before she

'Mary!" I said, for the first time in my e to my lady's face.
'Why are you here?" she asked, anxietly. "You have heard what they say of

have heard, and I come to know." I said quietly.

She clasped her hands in front of her breast and then let them fall loosely down in a sort of slack despair.

"I will tell you," she said; "it is partly

She was silent for a while, as if she was mastering herself to speak.

Then she burst out suddenly: "But what right have you or any other to demand such things of me? Is not my father Alexander Gordon of Earlstoun, and who has name or fame like him in all Scotland? They that accuse him are but jealous of him—even you like the others

"You do me wrong," said I quietly, you know it. Mary, I came because I ave no friends on earth like you. And

the thing troubled me."
"I know-I know," she said, "I think it hath well-night driven me mad, as it

hath my poor father."
She put her hand to her forehead and

She put her hand to her forehead and pressed it, as if it had been full of a great throbbing pain.

I wished I could have held it for her. Then we moved side by side a little along the path, both being sjient. My thoughts were with hers. I saw her pain, I felt her pride, her reluctance to speak.

Presently we came to a retired piace where there was an alcove, cut out of cliff, re-entrant, filled with all coolness and the stir of leaves. nd the stir of leaves.
Hither, as if moved by one instinct, we

repaired. Mary sat her down upon the stone scat, I stood before her. There was a long walting without a

word spoken, so that a magple came and flicked his tail on a branch near by without seeing us. Then cocking his eye downward, he fled with loud screams of anger and protestation.
"I will tell you all!" she said, sud-

But all the same it seemed as if she could not find it in her heart to begin.
"You know my father-root and branch

you know him. Or else I could not tell you. He is a man. I'a has so great a repute, so full a record of bravery that none dares to point the finger. Through all Scotland and the low countries it is sufficient for my father to say, I am Alexander Gordon of Earlstoun!

"But as I need not tell you a very strong man is a very weak one. And so they trarped him, William Boyd being the traitor. For my father had known him in Holland and aided him with money and providing when he studied as one of the lads of the Hill-Folk at the University of Groningen.
"This a man like William Boyd could

"This a man like William Boyd could not forgive—neither repay. But he hated and hode his time. For, though I am but young. I see that nothing breeds hate and malice more readily than a helping hand extended to a bad man.

"So hating my father in secret, he met him at the Clachan of St. John as he came home from the market at Kirkeudbright, where he had been dining with Kenmure and my Lord Maxwell. You know how it is with my father when he comes home from market. He is kind, he ts generous. The world is not large is generous. The world is not large enough to hold his heart. Wine may be

in, but wit is not out.
"So Boyd and two or three of his creatures met him in the highway. My father had ofttimes thwarted and opposed Boyd. But now his stomach was warm and gen-erous with him. So he cried to them, 'A fair good e'en to ye, gentlemen.' "Whereat they glanced at one an-other, hearing the thick stammer in my

father's voice.
"'And good e'en to you, Earlstoun!'
they answered, taking off their hats to

The courtesy touched my father, It seemed that they wished to be friends, and nothing touches a big, careless gen-tleman like Alexander Gordon more than

I followed after, and at the parting of the ways to house and stable she turned on me again like a lioness. "Oh, go, I tell you! Go do your precious duty. But from this day forth never dare to utter word to Mary Gordon again!"

THE DEMONIAC IN THE GARRET. THE DEMONIAC IN THE GARRET. As all may understand it was with bowed head and a crushed heart that I bent my steps toward the gray tower, sitting so stilly among the leafage of the wood above the water.

Duty is doubtless noble and virtue its own reward. But when there is a lass in the question—why, it is somewhat harder to go against her will than to counter all the law and the prophets.

to go against her will than to counter all the law and the prophets.

As I came within sight of the tower one Hugh Halliday, an old zervant of the Gordons', came running toward me.

"Minister, minister," he cried, "ye mauna come here. The malater has gotten possession by evil spirits. He swears that if a minister come near him he will brain him, and he has taken his sword and pistols up into the garret under the roof, and he cries out constantly that if any man stir him, he will surely die the death." he could not go, that his wife waited for him by the croft entrance, and that his daughter was to meet him, yet upon their crying out that he must not be hennecked in the matter of the drowning of an an-

"But." I answered, "he will not kill me, who have had no hand in the matterme who have also been persecuted by the Presbytery and by them deposed."
"Ah, inddie," said the old man, shaking his palsied hand warningly at me, "ye little ken the laird, if ye think that when the power o' evil comes ower him, be bides to think. He lets drive richt and left, and a' that remains is to sinder the dead frae the leevin—or to gather up the fraements that remain in buskets and corn bars and sic like.
"For instance, there was Gleg Toshie, the carrier, that was counted a great

man o his neves, and at the Cardin's Cairn Sandy—the laird, I mean—cam' on Toshie spying on him, or so he thort. And our maister near ended him when he laid bands on him.

"Haud aff, cried Peter Pearson, the

curate, 'Wad you kill the man, Earls

and foulness of their own hearts."
"I will go speak with him!" I said.
Mary Gordon had been scated upon a
wall which jutted out over the water.
She leaped to her feet in an instant, and
caught me by the wrists, looking with an
eager and intent look into my eyes. "'I wad kill him and eat him, too!"

"I wad kill him and eat him, too!" cries the laird, as he gled him aye the lither drive wi' his fist, O, he's far frae canny when he's raised."
"Nevertheless, I will see him." said I:
"I have my message to deliver."
"Then I hope and trust you hae made your peace wi' yer maker, for ye will come down frae that left a dead stiff corp, and that ye'el see."
By the gate the lady of Earlstonn was walking to and fro wringing her hands and praging aloud.

been, he may yet keep the Cause from being spoken against."

"Ah! You do not know my father—to speak thus—" Mary Gordon cried, classping her hands. "When he is in his fury he cares nelltor for man nor beast. He might do you a hurt, even to the touching of your life. Ah, do not go to him: (Here she classed her hands and looked at me with such sweet petitionary graciousness that my heart became as wax). Let him come to himself. What are proor and hard words beside the shame that comes when such a man as my father with from the servant man that brought the message from his master. How, a summoning Alexander to appear to face to face with the sits of his."

ly have been dashed to pieces."
"But how long has he been thus."
I said, for as we listened quaking, the
noise waxed and grew louder. Then anon
it would diminish almost like the howling of a dog, most howid and uncanny
to hear.

a.1 thumb and blaw away like the white heal 6° a dandelion."
He came to an end for lack of breath, and I could hear him stir restlessly, think-ing perhaps that he had omitted some of the Freshylery who were needful of a yet fuller and more decorated cursing. I called up to him.
"Alexander Gordon, I have come to speak with you"
"Who are you that dares giff gaff with Alexander Gordon this day?" And if you.

I might—"

She paused. A wild hope, warm, tender gloriously insurgent, rose-colored surged up triumphantly in my heart. My blood that time?"

that time?"

'And have none been near him since that time?"

'Only Mary," she said, "she took up "Only Mary," she said, "she took up "Only Mary," she said, "she took up "Only Mary," she said the lady of Earlstonn. "Who are you that dares git gait with Alexander Gordon this day?"
Alexander Gordon this day?"
I am Quintin Mac Clellan, minister of the Gospel in Balmaghie, a friend to Alexander Gordon."
"Get you gone, Quintin Mac Clellan, musket across his knees, and his great sword was cocked threateningly over his blooking with you. You are also of the lowship with you. You are also of the crew of hell—the black corbies that cry crew of hell—the black corbies that cry cried he, fleeringly. "Then ye are neither dead nor feared."

She would love me—she would give to him a bowl of broth. For he has never herself to me, I cannot offend her. This lowship with you. You are also of the crew of hell—the black corbies that cry "Glonk! Glonk!" over the carcass of puir perishing Scotland."

"Hearken, Alexander Gordon," said I from the ladder's foot, "I have been your friend, I have sat at your table. A word is given me to speak to you and speak it I will."

"And Labacharo."

THERE WAS A LONG WAITING WITHOUT A WORD SPOKEN.

She thrust her hand out suddenly, pas-sionately from her, as if casting me out of her sight forever. She set her kerchief You have chosen," she cried, "go,

'Mary," I said, turning to follow her.

"Mary." I said, turning to follow her, all suddenly she turned upon me and stamped her foot.

"I dare you speak with me." she cried, her eyes flashing with anger. "I thought you were a man, and you are no better than a machine. You love! You know hot the A B C of it. You have never passed the hornbook. I doubt not that you broke that poor lassie's heart down there have and dignity, "will I reckon with place and dignity, "will I reckon with William Boyd."

Mary Gordon went on without noticing my interruption.

"So, though my father told them that

"Mary." I said, turning to follow her.

All suddenly she turned upon me and stamped her for an impudent wench and told her to begone, that she was no daughter of his."

"Has he been oftentimes thus?" I asked.

"It has come to him once or twice since he was threatened with torture before the by the water-side. She loved a stone and she died. Now you tell me that you love me, and the first thing that I ask of you, you refuse—though it is for my own father and I entreat you with tears."

"Mary," I began to say quietly, "you do not!" she cried, carnestly than her daughter had one, earnestly than her daughter had one, earnestly than her daughter had one, though my father told them that

is my happiness. This only is life. What her begone quickly, because he was no fit matters all cise?

And I was about to give way. If I had so much as looked in her face, or met her eyes, I must have succumbed.

"Mary." I said, solemnly, "I love you more than life; more, perchance, than I love God. But I cannot lay aside, nor yet shut out the doing of my duty."

She thrust her head out suddenly rose.

"And a was about to shoot them all dead, like black hoodle-craws that pyke the black hoodle-craws the was about to shoot th place where ye stand."

"Ye may fire your piece and slay your friend on the threshold of your house, laird of Earlstoun," cried I, "but ye shall never say that he was a man unfaithful, a man afraid of the face of men!"

"Stand from under, I say!"

Nevertheless I did not move, for there grew a stubbornness in me as there had done when the Presbytery set themselves to yex me.

'And a bonny bit lamb ye are faither, said Mary, trying to jest with him to divert his mind, a bonny lamb indeed with that great muckle heather besom of

beard."
"But instead of laughing he cursed her for an impudent wench and told her to begone, that she was no daughter of

Then there befel what seemed to be a mighty clap of thunder. A blast of windy heat spat in my face. Something tore at the roots of my hair. Fire singed my brow, and the reek of sulphur rose stifling in my nostrils.

"Let not your blood be upon this doomed house of Earlstoun."

XXXIII.

THE CURSING OF THE PRESBYTERY.

As gently as I could I withdrew from her grasp, and with my pocket Biole in my hand (that little one in red leather of the King's printers which I always carried with me). I climbed the stairs.

The word I had come so far to speak should not remain unspoken, neither mist I allow truth to be brought to shame because of the fears of the messenger.

So I mounted the turret stairs slowly, the great voice sounding out more and more clearly as I advanced, It came in soughs and bursts, alternaling with low intervals, filled with indistinct mutterings. Then again a great voiley would shafe the house, and a the afterclap of silence I could hear the weasome yammer of my lady's supplication beneath outside the tower.

But I had come at such a cost to do my

So I began to mount the last stars which were of wood and exceedingly narrow and precipitous.

Then for the first time I could hear the

Then for the first time I could hear the words of the possessed:

"Cast into deepest hell. Lord, if any power is left in thee, the whole Preshytery of Kirkeudbright! Set thy dogs upen them, O Satan, Prince of Evil, for they have worked ill will and mis-

THER'S PRACEAT I ANSWERED. ' YOU WILL NOT SAY YOUR MOT

chief upon earth! Specially and par-ticularly gie Andrew Cameron lus paiks! Rug the flery brimstone flame into his bones, like sait into a new kfiled swine. Scowder him with irons neated swine. Scowder him with irons neated

She put her netted fingers about my

arm to draw me away; nevertheless I

withstood her.
"Alexander Gordon," I cried aloud, "the

Alexander Gordon, I cried atoud, the evil spirit has done its worst. He will now depart. I am coming up the ladder."

I drew my arm free and mounted, As my head rose through the trap-door I own that my heart quaked. But there had come with the danger and excitement

a sort of angry exaltation which carried me onward. Also I knew within me that if, as I judged. God had other work for me to do in Scotland, he would clothe me in secret armor of proof against all as-

Also the eyes of Mary Gordon were upon me. I had passed my word to her,

upon me. I had passed my word to her, I could not go back.

As I looked about the garret between the cobwebs, the strings of onions, and the bunches of dried herbs. I could see Sandy Gordon crouching at the far end all drawn together, like a tailor sitting

into his bones, like sait into a new killed awine. Scowder him with irons heated white hot. Tear his inward parts with twice barbed hooks. Gie William Boyd his bellyful of curses. Tairn him as often on thy roasting-spit as he turned his coat on the earth. Frighten wee Telfair will his uncanniest o' a' thy dell's imps. And as for the rest of them, may they burn back and front, ingate and outgate, hide; half and harrigals, till there is nocht seft to them but a wee pluff o' ash, that I

o them but a wee pluff o' ash, that I could held like snuff between my ungers and thumb and blaw away like the white

I will."
"And I also have a gun here that has a message rammed down its thrapple. If ye trouble me at all with any of your clavers, ye shall get that message from the black jaws of Bellmouthed Mirren."
And as I looked up the wooden ladder which led into the dim garret above me, I saw peeping through the angle of the square trap door above me the wicked snout of the musket, while belind, narrowed to a slit, glinted through a mist of beard and hair the eye of Sandy Gordon.

"Ye may shoot me if ye will. Alexander

"Ye may shoot me if ye will, Alexander Gordon," said I. "I am a man unarmed and stand within your danger. But listen first to that which I have to say.
"You are a great man, laird of Earlstoun. Ye have come through much and seen many peoples and heard many tongues. Ye have been harried by the Malignants, prisoned by the King's men, and now the Presbytery have taken a turn at you, even as they did at me and for the same reason.

"You were my friend, Earlstoun, and William Boyd mine enemy. Therefore he was glad to take up a lying report against

was glad to take up a lying report against you that are my comrade. For such is his nature. Can the sow help her foul-ness, the crow his color? Forbye ye have given some room for the enemy to speak reproachfully. You, an elder of the Hill

reproachfully. You, an edger of the Hill Folk, have colloqued in the place of drink-ing with the enemies of our cause. They laid a snare for your feet, and like a simple fool ye fell therein."

Simple fool ye fell therein."

The deep voice interrupted me.

"Who are you that have entered into mine house of Earlstoun to reproach me?

Is Alexander Gordon a bairn to be harried by bairns that were kicking in swaddling clouts and buttock-hinnens, when

the same reason.

that the balls of Earlstoun's fusil had no time to spread, but passed as one through my thick hair, snatching at it and tearing the scalp as they passed,

AS THE SPIRIT OF A LITTLE CHILD.
The smoke of the gun slowly and lazily curied out of the narrow windows, and through the garret opening I heard a hurried rush of feet beneath me on the stairs, light and quick, a woman's footsteps when she is young. My head span around and had it not been for Mary Gordon, whose arm caught and steadled me, I should doubtless have falleti from top to bottom.
"Quintin, Quintin," she cried passionately, "are you hurt—0, my father has

"I will not!" he shouted loud and fierce, clattering his gun on the floor and leaping to his feet. His sword was in his hand, and he pointed it threateningly at me.
"You will not say your mother's prayer," I said; "then I will say it for you."
"No, you shall not. Quintin MacClellan," he growled, "If it comes to that I will say it myself. What ken you about my mother's prayer?"

"I have a mother of mine own, and not once or twice she hath said a prayer for me?"

The point of the sword dropped, He stood silent.
"Her hands were on your head," I suggested; "you had finished your prayers, It was in the turret chamber that looks to the north."

to the north."
"I ken-I ken:" he cried, turning his head this way and that like a heast their and tormented. ately, "are you hurt -0, my father has slain him! Wherefore did I let him go?"
I held by the wall and steadled myself on her shoulder, scarce knowing what I did.

head this way and that like a heast they and tormented.

But in his eyes there grew a far-away look. The convulsive lingers loosened on the sword-hilt. The blade feil unheeded to the ground and lay beside the musket.

"O Lord." he gasped hardly above his breath, "from all dangers of this night keep this laddle. From powers of evil guard him with thy good angels. The Lord Christ be his yoke bearer. Deliver him from sin and from himself. When I am under green kirkyard sward, he thou his father and his mother. O God, Father in Heaven, bless the lad."

It was his mother's prayer.

And as the words came softer, Alexander Gordon fell on his knees, and moaned aloud in the dim, smoky garret. I did. Suddenly she cried aloud, a little fright-ened cry, and drawing a kerchief from her bosom she reached up and wiped my her bosom she reached up and wiped my brow down which red drops were trick-

ret.

Then, judging that my work was done, I, too, kneeled, and for the space of an hour or thereby the wind of the summer blew through the chamber, and the shadows crawled up the walls, and

hand.
"Here is your father," I said, "take him to his chamber, and when he is ready bring him unto the great room."
So very obediently he went with her as a little child might.
Presently she brought him in again, clean washed and with the black look gone from his brow.
I bade her set him by the window. She looked at me to see if she should leave us alone. But I desired her to stay.

Then very gently I set the right was before him.

"Alexander." said I, "ye have done that which has worked great scandel. Ye shall confess that publicly. To shall clear yourself of that by a solemn oath taken in the presence of all men."

"That I cannot," said he, speaking for the first time; "the Presbytery have refused me the privilege."

"There is a door open for you," I said, "in a place where the Presbytery and your enemies have no power. It may not be long mine. But for one day it shall be yours, and after the service on Sabbath in the Kirk of Balmaghie, ye shall stand up and clear yourself by eath of your sin."

"I will do it," he said, and put his hand in mine.

in mine.
So I left him sitting there with his daughter, and with the knowledge that my soul had power over his. I took my way homeward, knowing that he would not fail me.

(To be Concluded.)



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stifling in my nostrils.

The demon-possessed had fired upon me. For a moment I knew not whether I was stricken or no. For there grew a pain hot as fire in my head. But I stood where I was till, in a little, the smoke began lazily to clear through the trap door into the garret.

I put my hand to my head and felt that my brow was wet and gluey. Then I thought that I was surely sped, for I knew that me stricken in the brain by musket shot ofttimes scarce feel their wound. I understood not till later how that the reason of my escape—which was "What did your mother when ye had learned your psalm?"
"She put her hands upon my head."
"And then what did she?"
"She prayed."

"She prayed."
"Do ye mind the words of that prayer?"
"I mind them."

I SAW THE WICKED SNOUT OF THE MUSKE .

"Man, Quintin," he cried, "ye should have fetched Telfair and the Preshytery with you. Ye are not fit for it yourself. This is no hotching wee dell, sitting crossried by bairns that were kicking in swadding clouts and buttock-hippens when he was at the head of the Seven Thousand. And who may you be? A deposed minister, a cellege Jackdaw, whom the other daws have warned from the steeple, I will not kill you, Quintin Mac Clellan, but I bid you evade and depart, for the spirit has bidden me fire a shot at the place where ye stand!"

"Ye may fire your piece and slay your "Ye may fire your piece and slay your friend on the threshold of your house, friend on the threshold of your house, laird of Earlstoun," cried I, "but ye shall laird of Earlstoun," cried I, "but ye shall first learned the Lord's Prayer and the

first learned the Lord's Prayer and the Twenty-third psalm at your mother's

At my words the great mountain of a man threw his head back and dropped his

sword.
"Aye, I mind," he said, suffenly.
"Where was it?" said I.
"It was in the turret chamber that looks to the woods, if ye want to ken."
"What did your mother when she had ended the lesson?"
"What's that to you, Quintin Mac Clel"What's that to you, Quintin Mac Clel-

what's that to you, continued the first tell you, torment me not."

He snarled this out at me suddenly like the roar of a beast in a case, thrusting forth his head at me and showing his teeth in the midst of his red beard.